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## THE CAUCASIAN RACE.

THE classification of man has been a puzzle to all naturalists who have applied themselves to the task. Blumenbach regards man as a single species, with five great varieties, viz. :—1, the Caucasian; 2, the Mongolian; 3, the Ethiopian; 4, the Malay; and 5, the American. Cuvier simplifies the preceding arrangement by reducing the primary divisions to three, namely, the Caucasian; the Mongol, or Altaic; and the Negro or Ethiopian. As to the Malay race, Cuvier does not know how to localise it, or to what affinities he may refer it. We will not take upon ourselves to pronounce that the arrangements of Blumenbach and Cuvier are more philosophical than all others, or more correct, but they are at any rate among the most popular and best understood.

Of the three races of man enumerated by Cuvier, that termed by him Caucasian is universally considered to be invested with the greatest amount of corporeal beauty, in connexion with the most exalted mental organisation. By the term Caucasian, in its most restricted sense, is meant the natives of the Caucasus range of mountains, a population of known and acknowledged beauty, fair of complexion, magnificent of form. In a wider sense, the term Caucasian is applied to races which participate more or less in the physical qualities of the native Georgians and Circassians. The term, however, is used very loosely, and the assumption of the Caucasian origin of various so-called "Caucasian races" is to be reckoned amongst the wildest flights of ethnologists. Nevertheless, the expression answers the purpose of roughly grouping together certain tribes of man; and being convenient in this way, and generally understood, we will still continue to use it.

Let the reader, however, banish from his mind the idea of *whiteness* as being indispensable to a Caucasian; for although the English are white, as indeed are all their European fraternity, and although they and all their European neighbours (nearly) are Caucasians, yet the Hindoo is jet black, and the Abyssinian black almost, nevertheless both are regarded by Cuvier as of the Caucasian stock. In point of fact, the characteristics of the Caucasian race may be summed up as follows:—Head oval, forehead open, nose prominent, cheek-bones either not projecting, or but slightly so, the zygomatic arches being moderately compressed; ears small, and close teeth, vertical in their direction; jaws moderate, with a well-formed chin; hair long, flowing, sometimes crisp, but never woolly; beard mostly full; colour variable. Such, then, are the general characteristics of the Caucasian stock, which is also the Japetic or Iranian section of different authors, and which involves the *Celto-Scyth* Arabs of Desmoulins.

## A FEW WORDS FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

*McIvor Diggings, Victoria, July 1, 1853.*

THIS winter we have travelled up to the *new* diggings. Great was their fame when we were in Melbourne. Wonderful were the accounts of large nuggets, and large fortunes being found. We have arrived, and again find it all moonshine. A rush of diggers from Bendigo, of upwards of a thousand per day, was the consequence of these grand rumours; three miles of ground have been turned up to find next to nothing. The Bendigo men have hastened back again, and troops of others are from day to day following them. This is the constant experience; such are the diggings. But to give some idea of what *getting* to these diggings is, it is only necessary to state, that this distance of seventy-five miles has cost us *six weeks* to accomplish! or about two miles a day on the average, bringing up a load of little more than a ton. The roads we found still more frightful than those to the Ovens. They are such, that the iron axle of our cart has been broken *four* times, and has cost us £13 in repairing it. Nor have we been singular in this respect. All along the road has been the spectacle of carts and bullock-drays, bogged or broken down by the way-side. These bullock-drays are drawn by

twelve, sixteen, and twenty bullocks each, yet they are constantly sticking fast or breaking down, and occasion delays of a week and a fortnight at a time. The whole road was again strewn with dead horses and oxen. In fact, no one who has not seen it can conceive anything of the enormous labour and waste of animal life and property in getting up to the diggings. In coming down from the Ovens last autumn, we counted between thirty and forty bullocks and horses lying by the way.

Then as to the weather, we are told by all the accounts that I have seen, of the paradoxical nature of this climate, of the winter without ice and snow. My brother Richard, in his account of the colony,\* by far the most faithful account of it that I have ever seen, was vehemently accused by the colonial papers with having stated that there was such a thing as ice there in the winter, and he so far qualified his statement as to say that there was none on pools or creeks (brooks). Now on this journey I have seen more snow than I have seen in England for the last three years. One day, near Kilmore, it snowed as heavily as I ever remember it to have snowed in England, from eight o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon. It was then three inches deep, and the settlers said, that in the gullies of the neighbouring mountains it was in many places three feet deep. The snow lay so heavily on the trees, which are all evergreens, that it broke them down like carrots. As for ice, we have had severe frosts for a week together, the ice in the morning being upwards of a quarter of an inch thick on the pools and the still places of the creeks. In our buckets it was often half an inch thick, in our washhand-basin the ice was frequently a solid mass of more than an inch thick from one night's frost. It is true that the sun in this latitude has so much power that the frost has never, in our experience, lasted through the day; on the contrary, the days are warm and fine, often for a week together. To-day, as I write, the thermometer stands at 70° in our tent. Indeed, we like the winter season much the best. Though there is often very severe cold at night, *that* we can keep out by a good tent, and plenty of blankets and rugs. And though we have a rapid alternation frequently of roaring winds, fogs, and drenching rains, yet we are at this season free from the fierce heats and the myriads of tormenting insects of summer.

As to heat, I have not yet seen a single thermometrical table of this country which has not been most grossly inaccurate. Refer to the work of Mr. Westgarth, one of the most careful statisticians of the colony, and you find the highest degree of summer heat, as quoted from the government observations at Melbourne, at 73°48, in January, about the hottest month of the year, corresponding with our July. That is quoted as the hottest day of the year, the observation being taken at 2:30, P.M. While in June, the mid-winter here, the lowest degree was 46°96. The intermediate months range, according to that table, at about from 55 to 68 degrees.

Now from this you would conclude that Port Phillip was one of the mildest climates in the world. It could not even be so hot as in England, where I have known the thermometer stand at 110° in summer; and *it could never possibly freeze*, for the thermometer, according to this table, never descends to 42°. Nay, Mr. Westgarth, speaking of the hot winds which visit this country in summer, actually shrivelling up the corn into tinder, says, "At Melbourne they commonly last for two or three days at a time, with a temperature of from 80° to 90° in the shade, ascending sometimes, though rarely, as high as 100°. In the Sydney district they blow with greater severity, and are more apt to injure or destroy the crop."—p. 37. Mr. Westgarth again gives a table of the government observations taken at Adelaide, which states the highest degree of heat occurring on a summer day, at noon, as 106½°; the lowest, in June, as 47½°. So that nobody in Adelaide, if the government can be relied on, need suffer any excess of heat in summer, nor fear such a thing as frost

\* "Impressions of Australia Felix," by Richard Howitt.—Bohn: London.